

ART APHORISMS. BY GOETHE.*

He who, at present, will speak, or still more taciturn, on art, ought to have an idea (*Absicht*) of what philosophy has done in our days, and still continues to do.

He who will reproach an author with obscurity, ought first to look into his own self, if of everything there be quite clear. In the twilight, even a very plain hand becomes unreadable.

Reality and idea cannot be separated, unless that art as well as life be destroyed.

When artists speak of reality (nature), they subsume always the idea, without being quite conscious of it.

In the same position are those who recommend, exclusively, experience; they do not consider that experience is only half of the experience. Just as what strikes uncultivated people in art-works as nature, is not nature (exterior), but the mind—internal nature.

We do not know of any world, except in relation to man; we do not want any art but that which is a type of that relationship.

Search within yourselves and you will find all; and then rejoice that outwardly lies, however you may call it—a nature which says yes and amen to everything which you have found within yourselves.

It is as difficult to learn from patterns as from nature.

Many things have been long discovered, long ago found, but do not affect the world; they may affect the world without being perceived; operate, yet not affect the whole; which is the cause that the history of every discovery has to battle with so much astounding mystery.

Superior aspirations, even if not accomplished, are more praiseworthy than inferior ones in all their success. (!)

Art reposes on a sort of religious sentiment,—on a deep, indestructible seriousness (*Ernst*), wherefore she so eagerly combines with religion. Religion does not require any art-sentiment, repining, as she does, on her own foundation; but she can neither impart art-sentiment nor the taste of art.

SOMETHING WICKED.†

AN editorial note affixed to my last communication, calls me to order, by hinting that I indulge in a too medieval strain of writing, and expresses myself somewhat more vigorously, not to say coarsely, than suits the exquisite refinement of modern ears. The time has been when grave theologians, and sober yet intemperate controversialists,—for to suppose them to have been tipsy would be horrible,—would attack each other like so many Billingsgate drabs. Those were, indeed, glorious times!

Having confessed to some tincture of medievalism of a certain sort in myself, I proceed to say something concerning a different species of it, and one which, patronised as it is, I am disposed to deprecate. What I allude to is, that Neo-medievalism in architecture and other branches of art, the taste for which is so rife among us at the present day. That the re-introduction of the various medieval styles—a sort of adoption, by the way, of our own ancestors,—has done much for the historical study of Gothic architecture is indisputable. Neither can it be denied that it has helped to awaken architecture and architects out of that lethargic tranquillity and comfortable drowsiness in which they were lulled at the commencement of the present century, till the halloo! of antiquaries first, and next of ecclesiologists, roused them from their couch of poppies. We were then forced to beat our eyes; to rub our eyes, and open them to what we had previously made a merit of ignoring. Now, so far, so good: what is to be complained of, is, that if we have opened our eyes, it is only to look in one direction, and that we look even at Gothic architecture and its offshoots, not through æsthetic, but merely through archaeological spectacles. Archaeology is certainly a very excellent nurse

—be it a wet or a dry one: the mischief is, it is one which would keep us in leading strings for ever. Well-intentioned, garrulous old creature as it is, it is terribly apprehensive of our proving sad “naughty children,” should we attempt the slightest freak. Then, after having set us a-roaring by a slap from its pedagogic rod, it coaxes us again, and promises that if we be good and “proper-behaved,” we shall have plenty of nice pretty dates, wherewith to regale ourselves. Should folks here call me astirled, I can only shrug my shoulders and say in my defence, *difficile est satyram acribere*; especially in these days of Pre-Raphaelitism and other strange archæo-manias.

But come, I will endeavour to be less frolicsome in my remarks, even at the risk of growing dull. However, in order to avoid becoming quite prosy all at once, I plunge then boldly into the stream of rhyme:—

Let whose to true artist fame aspires,
Not be misled by mere delusive fires,
Engendered but from rottenness and damp;
Nor such mistake for art's true guiding lamp.
To merely antiquarian lore trust not;
For archæology is art's dry rot:—
At least oft proves so; and at last 'tis found
That art's decayed, tho' it looks quite sound.
Even the methods we adopt to stay
Corruption, serve but to produce decay;
When art, its former genial vigour flown,
Shows neither other ages nor our own;
Tracks itself out in antic bygone shapes,
And what it cannot imitate, it opens.
When, left of energy, it makes a merit
Of arrant mimicry, devoid of spirit.
The worn-out wardrobe of far other days
To copy, seems to be this age's praise;
And so to keep quite to its model true,
It copies both the clothes and patches too!

Having swum across the stream,—and very watery stuff the reader will, no doubt, allow that it is,—I am once more on the terra-firma of plain prose. Though in what direction I ought to turn myself first, I hardly know, such a multiplicity of topics present themselves, all drawing different ways. Well, then, is it for me—

That my reader hath fallen asleep,
At which I most surely don't weep.
Since it giveth me time to think 'fore I speak;
So, whatever it prove, it must keep
Till comes round—or else square
Perhaps—another whole week.
And so, Mr. Editor, what'er may say U,
That is what certainly sayeth your

A VOICE FROM ST. GILES'S.

FRESH AIR.

THE spring is with us, and once more
Shall summer come with pleasant hours;
And earth, unconscious of our care,
Once more be gaily clothed with flowers.

E'en now, on many a sheltered bank,
Screened from each frost and bitter gale,
The violet peeps, 'midst clustering leaves,
Or feebly gleams the primrose pale.

And soon shall spring, in meadows green,
Drooping her head, the cowslip fair;
Whilst in each lane, the hawthorn sweet,
Shall cast around its fragrance rare.

Yet not for me, nor thousands more,
Do these sweet joys, the flowers, bloom;
Unhappy exiles, from their love,
Closed within this living tomb.

For us no rose unfolds its leaves,—
For us there grow no lilies fast;
Nor do the little birds for us
Fill with sweet melody the air.

Oh! ye whose lot far happier cast,
Permits you, free, abroad to roam,—
And not enclaued as we are
(Oh that it might be called) home!

Ye who, when tired with labour's toil,
Or sad, perchance, with anxious care,
Can seek the pleasant woods and fields,
Assured of peace and comfort there:

Your sympathy we claim, and crave
Your pity, for our lot is hard;
Toiling unceasingly, and yet
From these dear blessings quite debarred.

Nor these alone, for closely pent,
Gloomy and narrow courts among,
No freshening breezes unto us
Can, with their fragrance, ever come.

Yea, even the winds, that seem at will
To range the country, far and wide,
Laughing restraint, and law to scorn,
E'er find entrance here denied.

Yet, though we never more may see

Or press the grass beneath our feet,—

Oh! might not this one gift be ours,

To breathe the air, fresh, pure, and sweet!

To us 't would be a gift indeed,

A treasure rich, a mine of wealth.

Bringing to soul and body too,

That first and greatest blessing—health.

And then, perchance, on sunny days,

A breeze would from the country come,—

Laden with fragrance from the fields,

Where once was placed my happy home.

Then, as the light wind fanned my brow,

Or cooled my hot and burning cheek,

Unto my very heart it would

Sweet words of peace and healing speak.

Each care would lighten'd be, and I,

Of half my weariness beguiled.

Might, for a few short minutes, dream

Once more I was a happy child.

And, heedless of the walls around,

'Midst childhood's scenes, in vision rove,

Through pleasant lanes and sunny fields,

Scenes that for ever I shall love.

And though the visions soon were fled,

Long should its influence remain;

Like pleasant twilight round me shed,

Soothing each gloomy care and pain.

Fellow men, if this might be

(Men of science think it may)

Give, oh give, your earnest aid,

And that without delay.

Grievous ills we daily meet.

As we tread life's thorny road

Blessings great shall rest on him

Who lightens thus our load.

We have prayed your help, and now,

Trusting in your love, we wait

When at length the succour comes.

Oh! be it not too late!

M. A. A.

NOTES OF IRISH BUILDING WORKS.

A NEW Roman Catholic Church is to be erected in Meath-street, Dublin. The plan is rectangular; and the interior dimensions are, 130 feet in length by 53 feet in width. At the north-west angle is a tower and baptistery, 12 feet 6 inches square, exclusive of the walls, which are 5 feet in thickness. This tower is lighted by two large windows of five bays each, with perpendicular tracery in the heads, and communicating with it is an entrance porch, 11 feet by 13 feet, having buttresses at the angles terminated by a gable and a niche with crocketed canopy central between two lancet-headed windows over entrance doorway, which is 10 feet 4 inches in height, with tracery in panels. The tower is flanked by deeply hooded massive buttresses; and in the interspaces is an arcade 9 feet 3 inches in height, containing pedestals for figures, surmounted by crocketed canopies. Above this rises a broach spire, with crocketed pinnacles. Total height of tower and spire 170 feet. The west doorway of nave is 9 feet in width by 13 feet 6 inches in height, is deeply recessed in wall, with clustered columns, supporting an arch with label mouldings and tracery in the spandrels. The nave is 100 feet in length by 25 feet in width, and separated from the aisles by clustered piers 17 feet 6 inches in height, placed at intervals of 16 feet, carrying a series of pointed arches (with hood mouldings), having a rise of 9 feet. In each aisle are three confessionals, recessed in the main wall; and in the north and south elevations entrance doorways are provided. At the eastern extremity is the chancel with three altars. Over the principal altar is a window 16 feet in width by 30 feet in height, consisting of seven lights, with mouldings and tracery of the Flowing Decorated period; and immediately opposite, at the western side, is a window 35 feet in height, with tracery of the Perpendicular style. At the south-eastern angle is the sacristy, 20 feet by 12 feet 6 inches, communicating with aisles and chapels, and having a private entrance, with staircase leading to apartments overhead. The chancel is enclosed by an arch with a rise of 14 feet, resting on piers 27 feet 4 inches in height. The aisles are lighted by a series of equilateral and circular wheel windows alternately (with hood mouldings and flowing tracery) placed immediately under the eave course, 23 feet from the ground line, between buttresses. Central over these, at a

* Translated, for the first time, from Posthumous Works. Vol. IV. p. 245. 12mo.
† Just like a candle.—Printer's Devil.